# THE STORY OF A LILAC GOWN.

It was my grandaunt, Euphemia d'Esterre's gown; and when my mother said that I must wear it to the fancy dress party superstitions terror thrilled through me. It lay in an old chest under a heterogenous collection of D'Esterre relics, and was a peculiary soft, sheeny lilac silk, made in a quaint fashion, with a slender-pointed bodice, puffed shoulders, and a full, straight skirt. Frills of fine, yellow old lace finished off the low neck and short sleeves, and a faint, exquisite perfume lingered in its delicate, shimmering folds. A portrait of my grandaunt-painted in that very lilac gown by some long-forgotten New Orleans artist-hung over our sitting-room mantel, and many a time I stood before it, brooding over the mystery enshrouding the final fate of the original.

It was a beautiful picture of a beautiful young woman, with radiant blue-gray eyes, golden hair, rolled high on her proudly poised head, and lips ready to curve in happy laughter. A cluster of cream-white roses dropped against her bosom, and a string of pearls encircled her full, white throat. A curious sympathy seemed to exist between me and this fair kinswoman, who had lived, loved, and passed from the earth long before my birth. She had been belle and beauty in the days when the D'Esterres were rich, with plantations on Red river and a winter home in New Orleans. She was the flower of the family, her father's favorite, and he had promised her in marriage to one of the wealthiest planters in Louisiana, when he discovered that she had fallen deeply in love with a young man he had employed as overseer, a handsome, cultivated, but poor young German. There were scenes and violent words, but Euphemia firmly refused to give up her lover until he was proven guilty of the theft of a large sum of money from her father. It was a terrible blow to her, but more terrible still was an account of his death a few weeks after he sailed away to the West Indies. He had died of yellow fever.

She fell into a state of the deepest melancholy, and, being a devout Catholic, entreated to be allowed to enter a convent and spend the remainder of her life in picus works, but her family refused. They permitted her to convert the dressing-room attached to her bedroom into an oratory, and, wisely or unwisely, left her aloue for a sea- but later they returned clearly to me. son, to indulge her grief, to pray for the | "Uncle Peter," I cried, "don't you know ioni of her departed lover, and to had hea ing for her own wounded heart. Then they sought to draw her back into the world again, the wealthy suitor reappeared, and, wearied by arguments and entreaties, she promised to marry him.

The wedding was to take place on the plantation, and many guests were bidden, and a great feast was prepared. On her wedding eve Euphemia came down clothed in the lilac gown, creamwhite roses on her breast, and the string of pearls around her throat. Her family were puzzied and indignant, for that gown somehow seemed linked with the memory of her sweetheart who had died in disgrace. It was a strange whim to wear it the night before her marriage. But the evening passed merrily enough, and at 11 o'clock the bedroom candles were lighted, and she went up the stairs to her room, with a smile on her lips, the lilac gown falling around

her in soft, shimmering folds. It was the last time family, lover or friends ever looked upon Euphemia d'Esterre. The next morning her room was empty. The pearls lay on the dressing table, with the withered roses, and the lilac gown hung over the back of a chair; but bride, bridal gown and veil were gone, looked into the oratory, thinking where she had knelt so many times, but the light shining dimly through the narrow, veiled window revealed the sacred place, silent, untenanted. They could be altar wuk gwine do enny good, but don't come nigh me gin. I ain't blamin' yo', Dau'l, but pear lack de sight o' yo' make me feel wus.' everywhere; they spent money lavishly, but to no purpose. She had vanished for-

Time and the fortunes of war had wrought many changes in the D'Esterre family. My mother, a pale, melancholy young widow, and 1-another Euphemia d'Esterre-and Uncle Peter were the last of the family. and we had drifted away from Louisiana to an old mansion on the Chattahoochee, in idle, sleepy old town of Magnoliaville, with its shady streets, ivy-covered churches and inn, rarely visited by a traveler and

We had some old silver, my grandaunt's picture, the pearls, and the lilac gown. These were all the real treasures we had gathered from the wreck of family fortunes; and Uncle Peter was the last living link between us and the past. He was a very old man, his black face shriveled into a network of wrinkles, his shoulders bent, his head white almost as snow. He possessed great pride and dignity. His long life had sen spent in the services of the D'Esterres. and he refused to leave them when freedom

"Tu late fo' dat now. I praise de Lawd I gwine die a free man, but I b'long dis famdat feels lack dey wanter, ole Peter gwine stay tel'e dies; yes, tel'e dies."

And he did stay, and was the favorite

"Yo's de las', Miss Phemy, honey, de las' o' dem all, and yo's nuff lack Miss Euphemy to a-been 'er twin. Lawd, but dis is er mighty strange worl'—mighty strange," he would often say, shaking his white head. He seemed to feel a certain responsibility and care toward me as the last of the fam-

income and exempted from all labor, but he insisted on regarding himself as our servant, weeded the garden, or sat in the wide, bare hall, ready to meet chance visitors and usher them into the barer parlor with old-time ceremony.

To me a halo of romance surrounded his venerable head. Such stories as he could tell me of the past! They were highly colored and delightfully exaggerated. My mother, absorbed in melancholy retrospection, left me much to my own devices, and many an evening I spent in Uncle Peter's cabin, listening to his rambling talk, and questioning him about my ill-fated grandaunt. Nearly all that I had ever learned of her history had been gleaned from his conversations. He would sit at the corner of the hearth, bent forward in his chair, his wrinkled old hands folded on the knob of his walking-stick, the fire-light playing in uncertain flickering gleams over his black face and kinky white locks. He was a fair type of the old-fashioned plantation negro, simple, superstitious, but shrewd and faithful to his trusts. Of Euphemia d'Esterre he always spoke with reverential pride, but keeping a certain guard over himself as though he possessed some knowledge he did not want to betrav.

"She was mighty proud, oh yes, honey, dey all helt dey heads high; but she neber was hard on de black fo'ks. She al'ays had er smile, or kind word for um, tel bimby she got in dat trubble, en had no smiles for ennybody. Ole marse had done jes gimme tu be Mars Albert's boy, en I was little; but I see en hear, more'n ennybody think I does. I seed 'er comin' down de stairs dat night in dat laylock gown, en smilin' so strange lack a chill crope down my back. De tables was done spead fo' de weddin, de cakes baked, de silver shinin'. en de fo'ks all done come. Hit would a-been de bigges' weddin' eber on Red river of Miss Euphemy hadn't tuk en vanshed as she did. Lawd, Lawd, what did

He always came round to that hopeless question, shaking his head, with a deep sigh. Then, after a reflective pause, he would cast a glance over his shoulder into the shadowy corners of the room and, lowering his voice to a solemn whisper, say:

to ole Peter fo' 'e dies." I had listened to the utterance of that superstitious belief countless times, but repetition could not robit of its impressiveness. I ceased to shiver and feel as though but her family violently opposed their my blood was curdling, but I would cast an marriage, and succeeded in separating awed, half-fearful glance out into the night, almost expecting to see her come floating downward through its solemn gloom, clothed in white raiment, radiant as the stars.

No wonder a thrill of apprehension chilled my young blood, when the lilac gown was suggested as a suitable costume for the first fancy dress party I had ever known to be given in Magnoliaville. "It is quaint, and lovely, and with the have heard that there are visitors, yes, actually three or four visitors in Magnolia-

deed I would rather stay at home than to put it on," I faltered ashamed, yet de-

"Why, Phemie!" she exclaimed, in gentle scorn, "what nonsense! You are nineteen years old, and have too few opportunities of going into the word to give up one for a childish whim. I was married at your age," sighing softly; then her eves strayed from me to the picture. "How strangely you re-semble her. It would really be a fine idea "Oh, mother?" I shuddered; but she chided me gently, and I had to yield to her wishes. She superintended my toilet that night, and I trembled when I looked at myself in the mirror; for it was not Phemie d'Esterre, the obscure country gir!, but Euphemia d'Esterre, the Louisiana belle and beauty reflected before my startled eyes. The string of pearls around my throat and a cluster of cream-white roses

completed the illusion. Friends were coming over the river for me, and my mother hastened down stairs to be ready to meet them, leaving me to follow more leisurely. A light burned in the lower hall, and Uncle Peter sat in his favorite chair dozing. Did the rustle of my gown disturb him as I stepped softly from stair to stair! He moved uneasily, raised his head, and glancing upward, saw me. For a moment he stared vacantly, his dim old eyes clouded with sleep; but as I drew nearer a dull, ashy hue overspread his face,

a convulsive trembling seized him.
"Great land! ef dar ain't Miss Euphemy
now done come at las." he muttered. hoarsely. "Honey, I'se been spectin' en lookin' fo' yo' menny a day. Dar, dar, don't come tu nigh," raising a shaking hand pleadingly. "I'spect I know what yo' come fo'. Hit's bout dem letters dey tuk an' de way dey treated young marse bout dat money dey mode lack 'e stole. I knowed dar'd be no res' fo' yo' tel yo' foun' hit all out. Hit wusn't me, honey. I neber done yo' no harum. Hit wus ole Dan'l. Yo 'member Dan'l what waited on ole marse en knowed all de comin' in en goin' out o' de place? Hit was Dan'l old marse gim dem gold dollars tu, tu he'p git young marse in trubble, tu spy on yo' en tu steal de letters what yo' writ 'im. Oh, yes, yes. Peter wus mighty young den. des big ernuff tu wait on Marse Albert: but 'e know all 'long how dey wus treatin' yo'. 'E watch en listen, but 'e feered tu speak en 'e wouldn't say nuffin arterwards fo' de fambly's sake;

'e des keep hit all tu 'isse'f."
So there had been fraud and dishonor on the part of my family, and Uncle Peter had kept the secret through all his long lite. I was too confused and agitated, by the mistake he had made in my identity, to fully comprehend all his words at the moment,

"Yes, yes, honey; sin't I been tellin' yo' hit wus Dan't he'ped ole marse break yo' po' heart, ex fit dat money tel fo'ks b'lieve young marse stole hit. When dar wus no weddin', kase yo' done gone whar no man could find yo', Dan'l 'e 'pented o' 'is sin, 'e fine no res' fo' 'is soul, 'e take de money what had been gim tu 'im in tu ole marse, en lay hit down fo' 'im en sez:

"'I can't keep hit, marse, hit des burn my hans', des burn my soul. I'm gittin' old; I gwine die fo' menny year, sah, en I can't go to de jedgment long o' da money; en den Miss Euphemy she des 'pear tu me, en she say; 'Dan'l, Dan'l, what yo' been doin'? 'Pent, Dan'l, 'pent, fo' de Lawd's wrath be turned agin yo'!' I sees 'er in eber shadder, hears 'er in eber wins' dat blows. She came in de nighttime, an' she came in de daytime. Oh, Mars, take it back, fo' de lub' o' Gawd, en let me be de hardes' wuked man on de place, so ez I git ease o' my trub-

"En Dan'l, 'e des brake down, en ery out loud, de tears a-rollin' from 'is eyes, en ole marse groan, en sez: "'She done gone, Dan'l-she done gone, en all de 'pentin' in de worl', sin't gwine bring 'er back, en thar ain't nuffin' ud ease my trubble. De Lawd's wrath be on me, Dan'l-de Lawd's wrath be on me. Go, ef

look on ole marse face agin. Dan'l, 'e 'pented o' 'is sin. 'E live by 'isse'f 'e see ha'nts en 'e hear sperits takin', en 'e wuk all de days o' 'is life. En ole marse 'e mus a-seed ha'nts tu, fo' 'e fine no res' tel 'e

He sunk to his knees before me, his white head bowed to the floor. "Trufe what I been tellin' yo', Miss Euphemy, all trufe. New go way, honey, middle Georgia. Across the river lay the | go way, en don't ax ole Peter to tell enny more tel 'e come to die.' I have no words in which to describe the effect of his confession on my excited mind, and how I pitted his fear. I tried to draw near to him, to convince him of my

> "Honey, I knows yo'; I 'member how yo' come down de stairs dat odder night in dat laylock gown. You can easily fancy that I was in no mood for the party. My friends were charmed with my costume. "And I have a special reason for desiring you to look your loveliest to-night," said Mrs. Landsdell, as we made our way down

identity; but he arose, and retreated before

to the ferry. "We have a stranger with "A stranger!" I echoed, my thoughts still bly tu long tu leave 'em now. Let all go | running on Uncle Peter and his strange hallucination. "Yes; Mr. Vandala, from New Orleans.

He arrived only yesterday, to look after some land an agent had bought for him. My dear, he is a spleudid fellow, rich, and s pet of society, but not in the least spoiled. He came across the river with us." We were at the ferry, and in the light of the boatman's lantern I could see the stranger leaning on the railing guarding the water's edge. He was slender, and not above medium hight, and when he threw

He lived in the little cabin at the foot of | his cigar into the water and turned toward us, a curious sensation, conviction, I know not which, came over me, that I had met him before, that his dark, handsome face, and clear, winning eyes were familiar to me. I stammered when introduced, and stumbled so awkwardly when he held out his hand to assist me into the boat, that my cloak dropped to the ground. It was his turn to lose composure. He grew very pale, and stared at me as though I embodied "I beg your pardon," he murmured; my

wraps were restored, and I sank tremblingly to the seat. The remarks addressed to me while crossing the river were answered only in mono-

syllables. A kind of breathless expectation had seized upon me. What would happen next. I wondered. As often as I encountered Mr. Vardala's eyes I felt the blood rush afresh to my face. When we landed, to my relief, Mrs. Landsell claimed the stranger as her escort, leaving me to the care of her husband. But the moment an opportunity presented itself, after we entered the ball-room, Mr. Vandala came "Miss d'Esterre, will you promenade

I accepted his offered arm, and we passed into the parlor. "I am anxious to explain my strange behavior when you dropped your cloak at the river," he said, in a low tone, his manner full of repressed excitement. "You are the perfect image of an old miniature in

dress, and I felt startled at sight of you." I trembled, yet did not feel greatly sur-"If I could only see the miniature," ] murmured, hesitatingly. From an inner breast pocket he instantly drew a small, faded case, and opened it. "It is painted on ivory, and belongs to a past generation; but you-I can hardly be-

lieve that you did not sit for it.' I bent eagerly over it, and saw an exquisitely-painted portrait of my grandaunt, evidently copied from the picture in our possession. The blue-gray eyes smiled into mine, the sweet, curved lips seemed ready to unclose in speech. "Where did you get this picture?" 'ex-

claimed, eagerly. "It was found among the private papers of an old man who died in the West Indies, "Miss Phemy, honey, I feels lack she many years ago," Mr. Vandala quietly gwinter come back, lack she gwinter pear replied. He was an overseer on one of her father's plantations-accepted the situation until something better should present itself-for he was a stranger in a strange land. He dared to love her, them. In bitterness of spirit he left the country with the stigma of dishonor upon

"Unmerited, unmerited," I said, in stifled tone. "Even the girl he loved believed in his guilt, and in a year or two, accepted the suitor her family approved of."

"Believing him dead," I said, quietly. "But on the eve of her wedding day disappeared," Mr. Vandala continued, apparpearls will be quite charming; and then I | ently not heeding my interruptions. "It was a mystery relatives and friends were unable to solve, for with the picture I ville," said my mother, with a sparkle of found a pile of old newspapers, filled But I don't want to wear that dress, in- she hopeless efforts made to find her. That pers?"

portrait has been my companion since the days of primary schools and round jackets, going with me through college and over Europe. Can you wonder at my agitation when the original seemed to stand before

He paused a moment, but I could find no words in which to snewer him. That odd feeling of a former acquaintance with him eemed to be growing upon me.

"It would be interesting to solve the mystery of her disappearance, even now."

"She died that night," I said firmly.

"Pardon me, how do you know! Could

she not have entered a convent, or fled to "She died that night," I repeated; "but where and how I cannot tell you." "You seem familiar with her story," bend-ing to look keenly into my face. "She was my grandaunt, Euphemia d'Esterre," returning his glance. "And he was my uncle, Herman Van-

Euphemia d'Esterre, Herman Vandala! What strange trick of fate had brought those two names together again? And under such changed circumstances I, the last representative of the d'Esterres, dwelt in bumble obscurity, apart from the world, while he had wealth, position—everything.
"I will sit down," I murmured, faintly. My hand was quickly drawn to his arm

again and held closely as he led me to a seat, while, in a kind of dream, I heard him say: "Forgive me. I knew you must be a descendant of that family the moment I saw you, heard your name." If I am minute in recording all the occurrences of that evening, it is because every incident was so vividly impressed upon my memory; it was, in reality, the beginning of life for me. I felt that I had simply existed before. I danced and talked, but mechanically. A spell seemed to be upon me, wrought by the lilac gown. At last I slipped away from the crowd to the white columned piazza. A few people were walking up and down its ample length, and some lovers were sitting in a remote corner, talking softly. Dewy roses brushed my gown as I descended the steps and strolled idly to the

shadow of a large mimosa tree. A chair had been placed under it, and I sank down upon it. How calm, how cool the night! A mocking bird trilled drowsily in the tree above me, the river flowed between its low banks with gentle murmur, the stars shone afar in the depths of the sky. In the midst of the silence I heard a clock strike. I counted eleven strokes; and then, without warning, the scene suddenly changed from the starlit lawn to a sieepingroom altogether unfamiliar to me. It was luxurious, but curiously old fashioned, with delicate bine and white hangings and quaint furniture. On a low White shill gown, with a we ding veil thrown over it. An empty jewel case stood carelessly open, and some costly gifts were scattered about. Candles, set in

slender silver candle-sticks, burned on the dressing-table. Subdaed sounds of life were borne fainty up from the lower part of the house, and through an open window flashed the lights from negro cabins. Then I heard footsteps on the stairs, soft laughter and a winning voice said:

"Good-night, Euphemia. good-night, and sweet dreams visit thee. We shall pray to the saints for sunshine on the bride to-mor-

The room door swung partly open. "Thank you. Melanie," said a low, clear voice in reply, and then the speaker entered, a young, lovely woman, clothed in shimmering lilac silk, with cream-white roses on her breast, and pearls encircling her white, uncovered throat. She clasped her hands with a gesture of passionate, unutterable despair as the door

closed, and in her uplifted eyes the anguish of death seemed to be mirrored. "Oh, I cannot go through with this mockery, this loathed marriage. Why, why are they all so blind, so blind? Hearts cannot be bought and sold; love is eternal. Oh, Herman, Herman, why could you not be worthy of my love?" She fell weeping and moaning to the

floor, but quickly rose again. "I will go to father, I will tell him that cannot be married to-morrow; ch. I will open all my heart to him. Surely he loves me more than his pride," She opened the door and glided noiselessly into the hall, I an unseen shadow at her side. She made her way unerringly through the darkness to the staircase and down to the lower passage. The dining-room door stood ajar, and in the dimly lighted room tables, spread for the wedding feast, glittered. She turned from the sight of them with a shudder, even when she passed softly through the room to another door, standing also ajar. She paused before it with her hand pressed upon her heart, looking into the room beyond. A bandsome, haughty old man sat by a table with a small box of papers open under his hand, while on the other side of the table stood a tall negro, black as ebony. The old man took a handful of gold from his pocket and pushed it across to the

servant, saying:
"Here, Daniel, I make you a present of this for your faithfulness. Are the papers all here? Yes, I see. Herman Vandala has an unpleasant way of haunting my thoughts to-night; but I will not regret what has been done—I will not. It was the only sure way to separate them, cruel as it might seem to brand an innocent man with dishonor. Pshaw! is served his presumption right, and some day when Euphemia is a happy wife I will make restitution. Tomorrow will see the triumph of my hopes and plans," he said, as though to himself. He leaned back in his chair, his fine, proud face softening: but the listener shiv-ered and trembled like a leaf, her beautiful

face ghostly pale. She turned and groped her way across the room and upstairs again, and I-I, who felt the agony rending her, could only walk at her side in spirit, not in flesh. "So they plotted, they deliberately wronged him and sent him to his death. My God, and I believed him guilty."

She was calm, but madness shone in her "To-morrow," she laughed low and strangely-"to-morrow I'll be the bride of death. Oh, I'll cheat them of their triumph. Black pond will hide the secres of my disappearance, for not even my father cares to go there, so many superstitions and dark traditions surround it.

She opened a door and entered an ora-ory. Wax lights burned on a small altar, the incense of flowers filled the air. white cross gleamed in the dim light, and the pictured faces of saints looked down from the walls. The influence of the place seemed to soften her.

"Mother of Christ, forgive them and receive my poor, broken spirit. Intercede for me," she prayed, falling to her knees on the cushion before the altar, with clasped hands and head bowed low. "I am friendless-friendless here on earth; death alone can save me. Pitying Christ, have mercy. Thou dost understand.

The light fell around her like a halo. It touched the gold of her hair to luminous brightness, shone on one fair cheek round, uncovered arm, and graceful shoulder, and swept downward to the floor, where violet shadows lay in the rich, soft folds of her gown. What incomparable leveliness to be given to death, and such a hideous death, but no shrinking, no regret, moved her. The knowledge of her my possession, even to every detail of your father's treachery had decided her. She rose, revently kissed the crucifix, and, returning to her room, began to make her preparations. She caressed the lilac gown as she unlaced it to exchange it for the white satin and wedding veil. They should be her shroud instead of her bridal garments.

"Who knows but some happier, more fortunate Euphemia d'Esterre may wear this beloved gown. If so, I pray that it may bless her with all that has been denied It rustled softly, fell away from her to the

floor in a shimmering heap, and-When my friends found me I lay in the rustic chair, unconscious, with the dew-wet mimosa drooping over me, but when I regained the power of rational thought and speech, it was after a week of delirious illness? The Magnoliaville physician said that it had been coming on for some time, and was the result of overwrought nerves, aggravated by my exposure on the lawn that night, and his explanation was readily accepted, while my story of the lilac gown, and Euphemia d'Esterre's sad death, was set aside as a dream, or the ravings of fever. Perhaps it was a dream, but I shall always have doubts, and I shall always believe that old gown imparted to me the secret of her death, and brought back prosperity to the D'Esterres.

I wondered what had become of that box of papers-if it had been destroyed or if uncle Peter could have it in his possession. That did not seem probable; still I determined to make sure, and one evening when my mother left me alone in the sitting-room I stole away through the garden to uncle Peter's cabin. My sudden appearance startled him, and, without giving him time

to recover, I sternly said: "Uncle Peter, where is that box of

"What yo' talkin' bout, honey?" "The papers Euphemia's father left." "What yo' know 'bout dem, Miss Phemy! Did-did yo' see 'er toof" The thought "Yes, I saw her," I said, solemnly.

He grosned.

"Honey, hit was fo' Marse Albert's sake.

I tak en kep 'em so ez 'e couldn't find 'em
when 'is pa died." He looked at me imploringly. "Let 'em be, honey—let 'em be."
"Give them to me, Uncle Peter," I said gently, but firmly. Tremblingly, he lifted a loose stone from the hearth, and brought up a small black box, the same that I had seen under the hands of old Gaston d'Esterre, in that midnight vision. I did not heed Uncle Peter's moans and ejaculations, but, going down on my knees, turned the key in the rusty lock. For half a century and more this faithful servant had hidden the evidence of his old master's wrong-

doing. But I ruthlessly poured out letters and papers, some of them with seals unbroken-letters written by Euphemia and her lover, and intercepted by the crafty Daniel-papers bearing false witness to Herman Vandala's guilt, and last of all, a brief, remorseful confession from Gaston d'Esterre. They were all yellow and musty. and rustled in my shaking fingers, as I turned then over in the light of the pineknot fire biazing on the hearth. "Where did you get these, Uncle Peter?"

I asked at last. "De Lawd forgive me, chile, I stole'em, en tuk en hid'em while ole Marse lay adyin' en a-tellin' Marse Albert whar to find 'em. I feerd tu burn 'em, but I keep 'em, kase dey might fall inter de wrong hans.' There were foot-steps on the garden walk,

draped figure and pale, frightened face. "Phemie, child, what are you doing?" "Unearthing old secrets," I said. Beyond her I saw Herman Vandala, and sweeping the papers together in my hands, rose up. I held them out to him, trembling, burning with shame, yet determined to

the door-way framed my mother's black-

right that old wrong at any cost. "Proofs of your uncle's innocence that have just discovered-l"-He took them, and, with scarcely a glance, threw them over my shoulder into the fire. They caught like tinder and for a moment the small room was brilliantly illuminated, then only a charred, blackened heap of ashes remained to tell us of

that old romance. I covered my face with my hands, but he drew them away. "We will not intermeddle with the past. Restitution cannot be made in this world, unless-is it generous to say!-unless you will be my wife. Let this Herman Vandala have the happiness his kinsman was cheated out of. I love you. I have been loving you faithfully for years. Your mother knows and consents. Come to me, Phemie, dearest, come."

My mother smiled tearfully upon us, but Uncle Peter stared at the charred remnants of the secret he had kept so long, mutter-"Bless de Lawd, dey's gone! Dey weighed heavy on my soul-heavy. I knowed sumfin 'ud happen when I seed Miss Euphemy t'other night steppin' soft on de stairs, en in dat laylock gown; yes, dat same laylock

-Matt Crim, in New York Independent.

# BITS OF FASHION.

Feather trimmings are announced for cloaks, coats, capes, dresses, boas, hats, etc., the ostrich and coone leading. A last year's black silk may be made to look like new by black lace frills upon the shoulders, a frill about the throat, and if the front of the dress looks worn lace must be arranged jabot fashion to hide it with

A black dress is freshened up by frills of yellow chiffon at wrists and by making a jabot for the basque. Yellow is greatly used as accessory for black, white, gray, pale-pink and baby-blue with an almost certain artistic effect. Some shade of yellow is becoming to nearly every one. Jabots are universally worn. One of the

newest styles is made by gathering a ruffle of silk mull to each edge of a yard of mehwide ribbon the color of the mull. One end of the ribbon is pinned or basted to the collar or top of waist, and the unbasted part is fastened down with fancy pins. Capes are a legion in length and style. They are sure to be full over the shoulders, long and with flared collars. The back may fit to the figure or hang loosely. A yoke effect is correct, so is the contrary. Feather trimmings are especially pretty on these wraps, and silk linings give the air of a

well-finished garment. Some wonderful embroideries are used for the corselet bodices and for the interior of high Medici collars, but the most fachionable people abjure the collars cut on the cross, with a seam down the center of the back. The smartest high collars stand out broad at the side, with an edging of feathers, forming a becoming back-ground to the neck, a reproduction of the fashions of the Venetian dames in the middle ages.

Regarding forthcoming fashions, composite modes will still be the rule. Louis XIV. XV and XVI effects, Russian elements and Grecian features, richly bordered skirts and draperies like those pictured in costumes of the Restoration, with the sleeves and collars in vogue under Louis Philippe-all these are characteris-tics of special autumn styles. But these details will not form independent elements in this luxurious chaos of fashion, for they will be utilized, merged into and com-

mingled until almost lost in one snother. A watering-place letter says: Our summer thus far has been so remarkably coc that instead of the pretty light cottons and dainty ginghams which give so much color to a country landscape, serge and flannel have been the general rule, when all the decorative responsibility of rests with the hat and the bodice, blouse or shirt, as the case may be. For instance, a black serge worn with a white shirt and a tawny orange tie harmonizes with a bunch of variegated roses on a flat, black chip hat. A blue serge has a square-cut bodice, which reveals a full bloose, and sleeves of a pinkish flowered china silk, while brown serge is prettily enlivened with a hem of gold braid, and worn with an oldrose silk bodice and a coarse straw hat draped with a brown ribbon. The stiff-

fronted shirt is happily conspicuous by its In the latest designs in millinery jet takes a more prominent part than ever, and is made up in little wired shapes, with black lace or colored crepe. A new hat, essentially French in its details, is made of black crinoline, and has at the back of the flat crown a deftly contrived bow of pink chiffon, in front of which is a huge bunch of tiny pink-tipped daisies, tied together with pale-green velvet ribbons. Tie-strings of the same fasten under the chin. An odd little rustic bonnet, formed of plaited rushes entwined with twigs, is trimmed with a bunch of cherries, and has tiestrings of velvet. Another, a picturesque sort of shape, is made in black crinoline, with a wreath of shaded pink roses round the brim, terminating in a cluster at the | 400.11. back, to rest on the hair, while on the crown a group of tiny black plumes stands erect. Very popular just now in millinery is a combination of brown and pink.

Not a White-Washing Obituary.

New York World. "My frens," said Brother Gardner after the meeting had been opened in due form, "I hev a sorrowful dooty to perform in an-nouncin' de death of Brudder Clingstone Hawkins, a member of dis club libin in Newark, who passed from airth away fo' days ago. Dis am de fust death dat has tooken place in our ranks since de club was organized, and it affords us cause fur serus refleckshun. I know it are usual in sich cases to appint a committee an' to move an' resolve, an' to claim dat de deceased had all de virchews and none of de vices of mankind, but we shan't foller out dat pro-

gramme, "Brudder Hawkins was only a common man like de rest of us. Anything like hard work made him tired. "He wasn't de mos honest man an up right man in de world. I think he would prevaricate as quick as any man I eber

"In losin Brudder Clingstone we can't say dat a shinin light has been blowed out forever. De light has been blowed fas nuff, but he was no shiner. He nebber even riz up to support a mosbun in dis club. "We can't say dat he was liberal, charitable, modest, forgivin', conscientious an' full of integrity, 'kase he wasn't. His wite | By a fresh appeal to his faded sense. supported de fam'ly while he put on de style, an' if he had found a dollar-bill on

borrowed money.

de floah of dis hall he wouldn't hev bodered to ask who lost it. "He was jist fair to medium, same as de rest of de world. He had some good pints an' some bad ones. Dar was many a better man, an some few not so good. We will put the usual emblem of sorrow on de doahdat we hope he is better off, an' she too." districts the figures that have been fur- than the purpose to which they are put. | cold whipped cream in each.

READING FOR SUNDAY.

The Judgment Thou hast done evil And given place to the devil; Yet so cunningly thou concealest. The thing which thou feelest, That no eye espieth it, Satan himself denieth it. Go where it chooseth thee; Neither foe nor lover Will the work uncover: The world's breath raiseth thee, And thy own pass praiseth thee.

Yet know thou this: At quick of thy being Is an eye, all seeing. The snake's wit evadeth not; The charmed lip persuadeth not So thoroughly it despiseth The thing thy hand praiseth Tho' the sun were thy clothing, It should count thee for nothing. Thy own eye divineth thee, Thine own soul arraigneth thee; God himself cannot shrive thee Till that judge forgive thee.

-The Independent International Sunday-School Lesson for Aug. 23, 1891. CHRIST THE BREAD OF LIFE. (John vi. 26-40.)

Golden Text-Lord, evermore give us this bread. (John vi, 34.) HOME READINGS. M.—Christ the bread of life....John vi, 26-34.
Tu.—Christ the bread of life....John vi, 35-40.
W.—Life by faith....John vi, 41-51.
Th.—Eternal life....John vi, 52-58. Fri.—The manna. Exod. xvi, 11-18.
Sat.—The living way. Eph. ii, 11-18.
Sun.—From above. John viii, 20-30.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. The Independent.

There are still people who attach themselves to the church not for the spiritual help they can get from it, nor for the good they can do thereby, but for the sake of social, or business, or other temporal advantage; in short, that they may eat of the loaves and be filled. This is true not only of children who go to a Sunday-school for the sake of the picnics and gifts, but sometimes even of older people, who choose a church for the society or business it will introduce them to.

Being with Christ will give one loaves to eat. Godliness has the promise of the life that now is; but that is not its end. Christianity is not a trade school or commercial college, althought incidentally is of greatest temporal welfare to the world.

Study Christ's words for instruction. Ge your meat out of your desire to do His will. That is true meat and drink. My meat, said Jesus, is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work. We must believe on Jesus Christ. The way to be a believer is to become a disciple. That is all the believing that does any

good. That is the proof of believing. Believing with the head does no good, but believing with the heart is what controls the will. One who does that will consecrate himself to Christ's service. The way to become a Christian is to consecrate one's self to Christ's work; to take him as teacher, guide and Savior; to follow him as did the disciples, who proved they be-lieved in him by following and obeying

For proofs of Jesus as the Savior sent from God we have not only the greatest miraculous signs, but we have the whole history of the Christian church since, and of all Christian civilization based on Christ. We have the character of all his teachings, the loftiest and true ad most regenerative. That is enougu.

Jesus is the true bread, we are told, be cause He gives life. We call bread the staff of life; we may say that Jesus by His teachings, and His death, and all His influence, is the staff of spiritual life. Think of the promises of Christ. "He that cometh unto me shall never hunger. "He that believeth on me shall never thirst," "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Of all that which He hath given me I will lose nothing," "I will raise him up at the last day." The lesson is full of promises, and they are all for the man who will come to Jesus, who will believe on Christ. All we have to do is, then, to ask Jesus to be our Sayior and try to obey Him.

Who are those that the Father hath given to the Son? We can tell if we are of the number by our going to Christ. If we follow Him, then we are among those whom the Father has chosen and given to the Son. Of General Interest. An extraordinary commission of cardi-

nals has been appointed to reorganize the Catholic missions, with a special view to making missions take a leading part in the work of colonization. Of the 250,000 commitments for drunkenness last year, in Great Britain and Ireland, 76,600 were cases of women. This rate is one conviction to 190 people in England

in Scotland one to eighty, and in Ireland one to 100. An address to the King of Gazaland has been signed by the Duke of Westminster as the chairman of the native races and the liquor committee, encouraging him to take measures to prevent strong drink being

brought into his country. He is assured

that the European governments would be

at his back if he went the length of entirely forbidding the ruinous traffic. At the recent Catholic congress, held in Paris, the Cardinal Archbishop Richard de-clared that in consequence of the anti-religious tendencies of the public schools and school legislature, more than one-third of the children in Paris who arrive at the proper age no longer partake of the first communion, and as a consequence cannot be regarded as members of the church, nor are they entitled to a priest's service in

case of their marriage or death. The Jersey City Tabernacle, John L. Scudder pastor, is advancing with its new buildings for the People's Palace work. The amusement hall will be one hundred feet long and twenty-four feet wide. Above it will be a gymnasium. In another building adjoining the amusement hall will be a carpenter's shop, and among other useful attractions are a swimming-tank, music classes and bath-rooms. Four buildings in all are now planned, which, it is hoped will be opened in the fall.

The minutes of the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, for 1891, show 121 presbyteries, an increase of 3; 1,689 ministers, a loss of 7; 2,844 congregations, a growth of 68; 165,472 communicants, a growth of 2,256 (the additions were 3.000); Sunday-school scholars, 22,947, a growth of 4,592. The total contributions fell off from \$751,681 in 1890 to \$705,503.15 in 1891; but those that were more strictly benevolent showed an increase. Foreign missions rose from \$10,258.61 to \$12,090.78 Woman's Board from \$10,008.20 to \$11,198.70 home missions from \$10,209,38 to \$10,901,95: ministerial relief from \$10,755.58 to \$10,-787.72, and education from \$2,927.26 to \$6,-

Thoughts for the Day. Good books, like good friends, are few and chosen; the more select the more enjoyable.-A. Bronson Alcott.

Sympathy does not lessen the burden of affliction, but it strengthens the afflicted one to bear his burden.-United Presby-

God leaves a touch of the angel in all little children to compensate those about them for the inevitable cares they bring with them .- Miss Mulock. In this world there is one Godlike thing. the essence of all that was or ever will be Godlike in this world—the veneration done

to human worth by the hearts of men.

-Carlyle. We talk about men's reaching through nature up to nature's God. It is nothing to the way in which they may reach through manhood up to manhood's God, and learn the divine love by the human. -Phillips Brooks.

Supreme in Christ as we all confess Why need we prove would avail no jot, To make him God, if God he were not? knowed, and I'm sartin he owed mos of us | What is the point where he himself lays stress? Does the precept run "Believe in good, In justice truth now understood For the first time?"-or, "Believe in me, Who lived and died, yet essentially Am Lord of Life!" Whoever can take The same to his heart and for mere love's sake Conceive of the love-that man obtains A new truth; no conviction gains Of an old one only, made intense

> India's Enormous Wealth of Jewels. Pittsburg Dispatch. It is estimated that the treasure lying

idle in India in the shape of hoards or ornaments amounts to £350,000,000. A competent authority calculates that "in Amritear City alone there are jewels to the value of

nished are not less factonishing. The miserable waste of Montgomery is estimated to possess about fifty lakes in ornaments. The hillsides and valleys of Kulu are put at 312 lakes. In Jhelum two-fifths of the wealth of the district is said to be vested in property of this nature, and in Kohat, "probably one of the poorest districts of the province in this respect, the estimate is taken at 800 rupees for each Hindoo family and 10 rupees for each Musselman family, and a lakh in aggregate for the Nawab and other Baises, making a total for the district of seventy-five lakhs." A lakh is worth about £7,000.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY. Worthy of Imitation,

Miss Trill-I love to hear the birds sing. Jack Mallett (warmly)—So do I. They never attempt a piece beyond their ability.

Breezy Correspondence, New York Weekly. First Printer-What are you setting upcity directory? Second Printer-Nope-summer resort let-

An Agnostic. "Papa, what is an agnostic?" asked Johnny

"An agnostic, Johnny, is a man who knows very little, and is not sure of that." An Easy Taskmaster. Harper's Bazar.

"How do you like that young Yale man you employed as messenger, Mr. Barkins?" "He's a very good fellow," returned the banker. "He lets me do pretty much as I

A Girl Worth Having. "My love," he whispered, "you are ten times as dear to me as you were.

"Dearest George," she murmured, "what makes me sof My natural sweetness-or is it the McKinley bill?" A Golden Mean.

alms)-Do you know what I would do if I had your money? Closefist-No. I do not. What would you Pebble I. Timbertoe-I'd be just as mean as you are.

Pebble I. Timbertoe (on being refused

### Ruined His Business.

Mrs. Dogood-Even if you are just out of prison, that does not prevent you from Dusty Rhodes-It do, mum: they cut my hair, and my business is ruined.

Mrs. Dogood-What business were you in? Dusty Rhodes-The Circassian beauty Soar and Sore.

# Detroit Free Press.

"Why don't you fly?" inquired the eagle of the flying-machine man, as he went by on crutches. "Flying is a sore subject to me," answered the man, with a sigh. "And me, too," laughed the eagle, soar-

Moral-Mind your own business. A Forgetful Spouse. New York Weekly.

ing off into the cerulean.

Mrs. Bilkins-I never saw such a forgetful man in my life as you are. The clock has stopped again. Mr. Bilkins-That's because you forgot Mrs. Bilkins-Huh! You know very well,

to wind it and you forgot about it. Traveling Incog.

Street and Smith's Weekly. Stranger-Hem! Boy, do you know any

Mr. Bilkins, that I told you to remind me

of the newspaper reporters by sight? Hotel Boy-Lots of 'em Stranger-Well-er-ahem! I am the Hon. Mr. Greatman, but I registered as J. Smith in order to avoid interviewers. Here's a Boy-All right. I'll tell 'em you're here.

A Level-Headed Parent.

A Yale College student, being hard up wrote to his father in New York: "Send me a hundred dollars by return mail. He who gives quickly gives double." The old gentleman replied by the next mail, inclosing \$50. with the remark that as he had responded promptly, the fifty dollars inclosed were equivalent to the de-

#### sired \$100. Misdirected Sympathy.

Texas Siftings. A New York clergyman, meeting one of his female parishioners dressed in deep-black, tried to console her by saying: "You have no idea how I regret to see you wearing those sad habilaments of woe." "You can't be as sad about it as I am," responded the widow. "I look worse in black than in any other color. It makes me look

like a fright." Silencing Hubby.

New York Weekly. Young Father (in the future) - Great snakes! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? Its eternal equaling just drives

me wild Young Mother (calmly to the servant)-Marie, bring in my husband's mother's phonograph and put in the cylinder marked "At ten months." I want him to hear how

his voice sounded when he was young. A Man of Experience,

"Can you ride a bicycle?"

Street and Smith's Weekly. Rural Youth-What's them things called? Dealer-These are bicycles. "I've seen 'em, but I couldn't think o' the name. I'd like ter ride one.

"Of course. Nuthin' ter do but sit on top

an' work the wheels, that's all, ain't it?" "Yes, but you are apt to fall at first." "S'pose I do. Can't do more than hit the ground, can I?" "Then what's to hurt?" "You might come down hard, you know. "But it's only the ground-no knives or

things like that on the thing is there?"

"Nuthin' to worry 'bout then. I've druv hay-rake."

#### The Pocketless Dress. Boston Transcript.

A careful and ethical study of the pocketless dress of the period proves to any sane mind that some kind of a halt must be "Stop, thief!" has been called time and

again, to no purpose. Dresses remain pocketless. In these days of scantiness. when four yards of double-width goods make a dress for the modern woman of moderate size, there is no place for a pocket. One profound observer says that the pocket has disappeared with the petticoat. In other words, manifold skirts afcoy recesses for the hiding of voluminous pockets; now when petticoats are few, there is no place for the pocket to conceal itself, and shameless indeed would be the pocket which would assert itself or gape in the undraped seams of the modern dress. True there are chatelains and there are pocketbook bags that hang from the arm, but either of these is more tempting to the thief than the pocket-book clutched firmly in firm little fingers. Before the power of custome, science and prophecy must wait. The girls are going to carry their pocketbooks in their hands until they get ready to carry them otherwise. There are many noble exceptions now to the hand-carrying majority. There is nothing in love's young dream more sweet than the proud consciousness of superiority of the woman who can say to herself:

"My pocket-book is indeed a pocket-book and goes about in my pocket, and not in my hand."

A number of ladies in Boston propose to

adopt a highly sensible and not unpict-

uresque costume for wet and stormy weath-

#### The New Female Attire. San Francisco Chronicle.

er. It will not suggest Dr. Mary Walker's pantaloons, but will be a handy garb to get around in on a wet day and save women from the annoyance and untidiness of bedraggled skirts. The details are simple, and embrace a jacket, something similar to the garment known as a reefer, a skirt reaching an inch or two below the knees, made of heavy cloth and kilted so as to prevent disarrangement by the wind, and mousquetaire or ordinary riding-boots or gaiters with leggings. In such a rig woman could bid defiance to the elements, and would look as if she had a right to be out of doors on a stormy day, an appearance she does not present when arrayed in the existing street costumes, most of which

## OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The population of the earth doubles itself in 260 years. The highest altitude ever reached by a

balloon was seven miles. The total number of Buddbists in the world is estimated to be seventy-five mill-

Africa has nearly seven bundred languages, and this fact presents great difficulties to missionary effort.

Columbia, Mo., is said to be the only city in the United States whose census figures are even thousands. The city has 4,000 peo-A farmer near Garden City, Kan., at-

tacked a colony of grasshopers with seventy turkeys, and was soon master of the situa-On the Missouri Pacific road, 250 miles west of St. Louis, 18 Waterloo, and in the

immediate vicinity are Napoleon and Well-Several thicknesses of paper pasted together have from time immemorial been found extremely serviceable in China as

It is estimated that each year in New York city three thousand women find themselves stranded; not only homeless, penniless and without work, but unable to

work. The social magnificence of a State ball at St. Petersburg is such that on one occasion the guests numbered 3,000, yet there was no crowding, and every arrangement was perfect.

In the museum of the Dead-letter Office at Washington, D. C., there is a piece of parchment upon which is penned a copy of the Lord's prayer, written in fifty-four difterent languages. A hotel in Hamburg has been built en-

tirely of compressed wood, which, by the pressure to which it is subjected, is rendered as hard as iron, as well as absolutely proof against the attacks of tire. Mr. H. E. Wells, of Imlay City, Mich.

who enlisted in a Michigan regiment and was captured during the war, has not shaved since he left Andersonville prison. His heard is now five feet nine inches in length. A woman fell overboard in Japanese

waters and was eaten by a shark. For three years her husband has done nothing but hunt sharks, and up to date has landed about three hundred of them and is still The Guttenburg Bible has the general reputation of being the first printed book. It is an admirable specimen of the printer's

art, and would be no discredit to any reputable printing establishment of the A curious fact in the early history of pins is that when they were first sold in "open shop" there was such a great demand for them that a code was passed permitting their sale only on two days in the year-the

1st and 2d of January. The veracious story comes from East Springfield, O., that lightning struck a cow belonging to James Scott and split the animal in two, one side being thrown sixty feet in one direction and the other side ah equal distance the other way.

George Holmes, of Cincinnati, is the

owner of a peculiar diamond. In the morn-

ing it is a beautitul sky-blue, at noon it is perfectly white, and at 6 o'clock in the evening it begins to turn black, and after sunset is like a piece of coal. Some specimens of mangel wurzel beets grown at Santa Anna, Cal., have been sent to the permanent exhibit at Chicago. The largest beet weighed sixty-six pounds. One measured three feet six inches in length.

and six of them weighed 323 pounds. A resident of Ausonia, Conn., declares that it always rains there on the 25th of July. He says that his family has kept a record of the weather for one hundred years, and in all that time there hasn't been a July 25 on which it didn't rain.

At a great Russian restaurant, when a guest has ordered a sturgeon, the fish is brought to him alive on a dish, and the gray finny creature is then transferred to the kitchen to be dispatched, sauced and served up with all the honors of cookery. Railway statistics show that the Ameri-

can takes twenty-seven railway trips a year, the Englishman nineteen, the Belgian eleven, the Frenchman, the German, Swede, Norwegian and the Spaniard five each, while the Turk, the Swiss and Italian take but one each. Australia, it would appear, has some gi-gantic caterpillars. Mr. A. S. Orlift, of Sid-

ney, mentions one moth larve, abundant during the summer season, which is from seven to twelve inches long. Species are numerous which vary from six to eight inches in length. A Norwegian living in the sixteenth century was accounted a master hand at minute contrivances. In proof of this it is recorded that he made 16,000 dishes of turned ivory, in every respect without a flaw, and so tiny that all of them could be safely cradled in a pepper-corn cup of usual size.

If anything catches fire, or something

burning makes a disagreeable smell or

smoke, throw salt upon it at once. If a

bright, clear fire is quickly desired, it may

readily be obtained by throwing salt upon

the coals; likewise, if too much blaze should result from dripping of fat from broiling steak, ham, etc., salt will subdue There are some big trees in the new State of Washington. For instance, there is a fir 812 feet in diameter, and a codar 17 feet in diameter 33 feet from the roots and 12 feet in diameter 112 feet from the roots. But the Washingtonians scorn the suggestion that the latter is the biggest tree in the

### in their primeval forests some day that will Whist Not for Brain-Workers.

State. They expect to come across a tree

Illustrated American. The athlete may rest over a game of chess or whist. The brain-worker of sedentary habit who concentrates a weary mind upon an intricate game which demands unremitting alertness of attention is diverting from his chosen calling just so much mental vigor-exactly, to an atom, so much vital power. Let those men and women who are thinking for a living stop thinking, as a conscious effort, when they would rest. If she who would plan her life wisely will make a careful estimate of the comparative values of those things which enter into it only by her own consent, offsetting them in the inventory by those demands which are essential, she will draw a pencil through every diversion which is akin to her lifework. If she is a wise journalist or literary woman she will eschew whist as a wary thief of her powers, whose dangers are even enhanced by her mental habit of self-sur-

#### render and concentration. \_\_\_\_ Wisdom of the Coyote,

San Jose (Cal.) Mercury. While camping near the bank of a small stream he noticed a single coyote proceed to an old corral, where lay some dead sheep. He walked directly up to one of them, and grabbing as much wool in his mouth as he could conveniently hold, started witout any apparent hesitation toward a shallow part of the stream. On arriving at the water, instead of plunging in head foremost, he turned and bagan slowly to back down into the water. Gradually the water arose along his legs, and then to his sides, until only his head appeared. Closing his eyes with seemingly the utmost contentment he backed still further down until he was completely immersed, when, with a quick jerk, he released himself from the wool, and appeared on the bank in the greatest delight An examination showed that the bunch of floating wool was fairly alive with flees.

#### Girls Boycott Young Men. New York Telegram.

It appears that the avowed object of one of the several Lady Gotham associations is to have the girl members boycott young men who persist in dancing during the entire evening with the same partner. It seems odd, at first sight, that a young fellow should not be permitted to show delicate attentions to the one particular object that enthralls him for the time; but we all know that girls always give a fellow credit for bad taste when be devotes himself too closely to any one charmer. The association should adopt some such motto as this: "We all flirt; don't slight any one of us."

#### A Delicious Seasonable Dish. New York Times.

A delicious seasonable dish is iced cafe an lait. It is made as follows: Pour a quart of boiling water on eight large tablespoonfuls of freshly-ground coffee, and let it infuse for a out ten minutes, then strain. it off and for one quart or coffee add eight ounces of sugar, half a pint of cream, and half a pint of warmed milk. Let it stand until cold, then freeze it lightly, and serve